

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

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"The Maiden's Tear," Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, May, 1875.

"The Maiden's Sigh" and "The Maiden's Tear," two reveries for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. These are both from the pen of a highly talented and proficient pianiste, and are of considerable merit. The first is a pretty little exercise, and the fingering is excellent; the second is far prettier, and as a *morceau de salon* has exceptional merit, whilst at the same time it is unconventional."—*Public Opinion*.

TJETJENS AND THE NEW YORK PRESS.

(From "Concordia.")

"Nym Crinkle," writing about Mdlle Tietjens in the *New York World* of October 17, said bluntly, "The concerts broke down at the end of the first week," and added, "I will tell you why. Because she (Mdlle Tietjens) is an artist and not an adventuress." As far as can be distinguished amid hubbub and confusion, a major and two minor causes led to this result. Taking the latter first, we are told to see one in the fact that Mr Strakosch relied upon the greatness of his artist, and did not think it worth while to bolster her up with humbug. Mdlle Tietjens "came to America unworked, unpuffed, unanecdoted. Some of Mr Mapleson's press friends in London did endeavour to supply an advance biography.* But the subject was too large to handle. * * The lyric record defied the hasty pen." We are asked to believe that this abstention from management dodges was a mistake. Mr Strakosch should have arranged to have Mdlle Tietjens' shawl torn into relic-pieces the moment she landed, and hired men to draw her carriage in triumph up Broadway. In that case, the *World* thinks, "we should have seen the maddened ushers cutting themselves with knives when she sang 'With verdure clad;' the genteel ladies throwing up their handkerchiefs and tearing their hair, as they hastened to do when Nilsson sang 'Angels ever bright and fair' with French variations, and the shopkeepers standing on their seats to hurrah, as they were proud to do over Rubinstein's *diminuendo* in the *Ruins of Athens*." This severe reflection upon the New York public is, however, mildness itself compared with that contained in the second of the alleged minor causes of failure. The public, it appears, were absolutely incapable of appreciating the genius and achievements of the artist who had come among them. "I don't think," writes the critic of the *World*, "I ever saw an American audience evince so little judgment and good taste as at the first and second of Mdlle Tietjens' concerts. * * * The 'large and brilliant assemblages,' as they were called, were unmistakably disappointed at the simple superiority of the singer's art. * * * The 'Last rose of summer' was the first chirrup that touched them, and 'L'Ardita' alone twanged the common chords of their humanity." Here, then, if the evidence quoted may be accepted—and we could bring forward a good deal of corroborative proof—was a great artist introduced to a frivolous public, and left to work upon them without the *prestige* arising from the showman's dodges. Mr Strakosch should have known better. He has had experience enough of concert-goers across the Atlantic to put him on his guard against undue confidence in even such powers as those of Mdlle Tietjens, as well as against underrating the value of humbug.

But a more formidable reason than either managerial presumption or public incapacity is spoken of as connected with this matter. When the New York journals appeared the morning after Mdlle Tietjens' *début*, it was found that some of the most influential treated her with disparagement. "There were all sorts of allusions to her age, her size, her worn voice. Some of them rudely unkind; all of them grossly unjust." At the head of the detractors stood the formidable *Herald*—which is chargeable with inconsistency as well, seeing that in one notice it styled Mdlle Tietjens "magnificent," and in the next, a "disappointment." It was easy, of course, for papers more enlightened to be sarcastic at the cost of the malcontents. Thus the *Sunday Mercury* declared that Mr Strakosch had provided the "dailies" with "a grand subject for a sort of newspaper cannibalism," and went on to pour scorn upon the big critics:—"There is, it is true, in so much chaff a couple of literary grains of wheat, but it has become patent that the majority of pretenders who scribble about music are merely lyric scavengers who make fault-finding the end and aim of their writings, unless convinced otherwise in advance, when—no matter what may be the subject or occasion—the puffing machine is set in active motion." Remarks such as these were well meant, and it was legitimate warfare to show up

the "scavengers" for writing learnedly about Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante*, when they had actually heard a part of the G minor concerto. But nothing could neutralise the influence of the *Herald* and its associates. The earth contains so many millions of people, "mostly fools," as Carlyle observes, and the mind, or what passes as such, of a fool is hard to disabuse. The question arises now as to the motive of conduct which naturally distressed Mdlle Tietjens, and drew from her an offer to annul the engagement and return to England at once. An answer to this question is easy:—The critics had their cue to force Strakosch and his *prima donna* into opera. Let us say here, that the desire for opera was perfectly intelligible, and one with which we who know the transcendent merit of Mdlle Tietjens on the lyric stage can sympathise. [Does not our excellent contemporary see that all this is done under the influence of Mr Strakosch himself? If not, let him peruse the "Book of Barnum," where the author of the "Moon Hoax" is shown up.—A. S. SILENT.]

But nobody has a right to do evil that good may come, nor, as in this special case, to compass the ruin of Mr Strakosch's concert scheme that he might be compelled to open a theatre. This, however, is the charge, distinctly brought against the *Herald* by some of its contemporaries. Here is an extract in proof:—"Since the first night that the great singer appeared at Steinway Hall, the *Herald* has unceasingly, instead of criticising the performances, been urging how much greater the *prima donna* would be in opera. Editorials have almost daily appeared in the same strain. Many of the stockholders of the Academy of Music are Mr Bennett's most intimate friends, and they have been influencing him strongly to urge Italian opera in his paper, because they suppose it must be given at the Academy of Music, and then the two hundred would be enabled to hear it for nothing. * * There can be no doubt that the *Herald* articles, imitated as they have been by other papers, have greatly damaged the Tietjens business. The public, in the hope of opera, stood off, and have not patronised the concerts as they should have been patronised." The matter, in point of fact, became so serious that Mr Strakosch wrote to the *Herald* editor, pointing out the almost certain pecuniary failure of any attempt at Italian Opera in New York, and citing many previous examples of such disaster. "Italian Opera is no real want here," urged the *impresario*, adding, "Seemingly there has been a pre-conceived determination in your criticism to force upon me in all kindness a business which I do not intend going into, and which I consider ruinous." Nevertheless, Mr Strakosch* made a proposition—Let the *Herald* and its sympathisers open a subscription for opera, and, if the result prove that the thing is really wanted, he pledges himself to bring over the principal artists of Mr Mapleson's *troupe* before the New Year. To this letter the *Herald* replied from its own point of view, admitting the difficulties in the way of opera; but urging, truly enough, that Mdlle Tietjens is, before all, a dramatic singer, and it is in that capacity that they desire to hear her. "This being the fact, why should we seek to conceal it? Indeed, it could not be hidden, for who does not know that the Tietjens who sings a few beautiful melodies in Steinway Hall is not the Tietjens who, we are told, swept the stage in the pomp of tragedy, and poured from 'the deep throat of sad Melpomene' Fidelio's constant love or Norma's passionate wrath." Mr Strakosch's suggestion the *Herald* treated as a joke, and could only acquit him of incredible innocence by complimenting him for unequalled irony. "He argues his right to conduct his own business, and then invites us to manage it for him. We decline the honour, which it would be presumption to accept." At this point matters stood, and now let us note the general confusion. The *Herald* is charged with working for its proprietor's friends; the daily critics are charged with injustice and ignorance; the manager is charged with culpable neglect; the artist is charged with the crimes of age, size, and a worn voice; and the public are accused of frivolity and want of taste. Truly a "free fight," needing nothing to complete it. But if anybody see in it room for another element of strife, we have the thing at hand. The *Arcadian* prints a "Farce in one act," which shows Mr Strakosch himself raising the clamour for opera, by prompting reporters, receiving "minions" as a deputation from the public, and bribing the *Herald* with double

* We have seen two "advanced biographies" (if such they may be termed)—the one cited as proceeding from the "London Daily Times," the other from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—not one word of which ever appeared either in the *Times* or the *Pall Mall*.—ED. M. W.

* Innocent Mr Strakosch!

terms for advertisements. Here is confusion worse confounded, and we give up the hopeless task of unravelment.

[How now? Have we hit the nail on the head?—A.S.S.]

In the midst of all this let Mdlle Tietjens find comfort through believing that her faithful English friends will be glad to welcome her back, safe and sound—the sooner the better.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

With the successful example of the Crystal Palace before them, the managers of the Muswell Hill enterprise could hardly do other than establish concerts akin to those which, under Mr Manns' direction, have attained almost world-wide fame. The Alexandra Palace, therefore, has its musical Saturdays, and hopes to gather together, in the far north of London, an audience as numerous and, in time, as cultured as that which assembles weekly in the far south. Everybody must desire a happy issue for the venture. There is room enough, in good sooth, for this new worker, and we would fain believe that there is also a harvest of success to be reaped by skilful and persevering hands. The prospectus of the first season, which began on Saturday week, is particularly attractive, with regard to new and unfamiliar works. This, in point of fact, is its speciality. Mr Weist Hill seems to have taken a very comprehensive view of his duties as a caterer, and every programme will be rich in novelty, even if no more than half the promised works are brought out. On one point the Alexandra Palace scheme differs from that of Sydenham—it devotes a part of each concert to music of "a miscellaneous description." The difference, however, is more apparent than real. Even Mr Manns finds it necessary to take the "popular" element into account—witness the vocal music which so often wearies his connoisseur patrons. But Mr Weist Hill proposes to give material of this kind, and its orchestral counterpart, during the second half of each concert, when only those who care to hear it need keep their places. The plan has advantages above and beyond the commercially important one of appealing to a large public, and will be regarded with general favour, seeing that the matter has to be dealt with somehow.

"New brooms" not only "sweep clean," as saith the proverb, but they sometimes operate in dark and neglected corners, to prove their utility with more conspicuousness. The practice is one to be encouraged, especially when it makes partial atonement for the errors of bygone generations, performs an act of justice to a great name, and gives to living art another masterpiece. These be "prave 'ords"—and the reader may ask, with pardonable incredulity, when and where, of late, anything so striking has been done. The answer is easy—at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday last, the deed performed being the revival of Handel's *Esther*. It was officially announced that this work would be produced on the occasion for the first time since 1757, the date of its last hearing, during the life of the illustrious composer. This may not be strictly correct, because we have always had amongst us societies whose laudable curiosity induced them to explore fields of art across which the beaten path did not run. These institutions, we can hardly doubt, have not forgotten a work which, though neglected, stands out conspicuous in the record of Handel's life. The overture has ever occupied the place of a favourite, and the great provincial festivals used years ago to dip now and then into the body of the oratorio. But there is reason to believe that no public performance on an adequate scale intervened between the day when *Esther* was given, in 1757, and Saturday last. The interval is a wide one, measured by the life of man; but art is long, and can see with complacency the flux of time. It can afford to wait; and to all in that happy position everything comes, even justice, which, proverbially, has leaden feet. The story of *Esther* scarcely needs telling here, because it is familiar to everybody with a smattering of knowledge about England's best-loved musician. Enough if we call to the amateur's memory how the oratorio was written for the Duke of Chandos, in 1720, when Handel filled the post of chapelmaster in the household of that gorgeous peer; how, after being twice performed at Cannons, it was laid aside for twelve years, and only revived at a private performance, got up by Mr Bernard Gates,

master of the Chapel Royal boys; how the interest it then excited led to a public hearing; and how Handel was thus induced to give his attention to oratorio as a means of wealth and fame. The story, in outline, is soon told; but it would not be easy to exhaust the significance of *Esther*, as the first English oratorio, or of those seemingly trivial events which, working through it, launched the composer on a career that secured for his memory a

"Broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

So regarded, the oratorio appeals to us as does the tiny source of some vast river, or the thought in a single human brain which, according to Emerson, is the parent of every revolution. The manuscript of *Esther*, as it lay dust-covered on the shelf at Cannons, contained not only all the actualities of oratorio as we are now conscious of them, but all the possibilities which, in the future, may become real. To what the neglected score has led we know; it was like the last offshoot of a decayed stock—for oratorio in Italy was then fast dying out—taken to root and flourish in another and more vigorous soil. Upon its existence, as far as can now be seen, depended the future of a grand form of art. What would have been the result had a servant at Cannons lit the Duke's library fire with the precious paper before Mr Bernard Gates obtained a duplicate? May we fancy that that which is now known as oratorio would have no existence? Hardly, perhaps, dare we go so far, but it is certain that nobody could then have shown Handel the possibilities of oratorio in England, and it is probable that he would have written his dearly-loved operas to the end of the chapter. Imagine English sacred music without *The Messiah*, *Israel*, and *Judas*—nay, imagine England itself without *The Messiah* alone! To do so is to see in the mind's eye a somewhat different country, or there is nothing in the exercise of an abiding, all-pervading, and powerful influence.

The music of *Esther* is a theme so ample and tempting that we scarcely dare venture upon its discussion within the compass of a notice like this. To exhaust the topic, we should have not only to consider the work *per se*, but from a comparative stand-point, marking how and in what measure it shows the influence of Italian art upon the solid basis of German thought, and how and in what degree it contrasts or harmonises with the master's matured style. Upon these points much might be said which now can only be indicated. A first thought connected with the work has reference to its non-dramatic character. The form of the Italian sacred play is preserved by a division into acts and scenes, but the libretto is so constructed as to prove clearly enough that the idea of a dramatic performance was not in the writer's mind. Moreover, the original *Esther* was even less adapted for stage business than the second and enlarged form of the work produced, without theatrical accessories, in 1732. In this there is no reason to imagine that Handel was actuated by deference to English notions. Italy herself at that time had abandoned the sacred drama, and her oratorios were performed, when produced at all, with nothing save music and poetry to recommend them. But the influence of Italian art upon *Esther* takes a wider range than the form of telling the story. We see it especially in the character of the solos, which are unusually numerous, after the fashion of the model Handel adopted. The grace and suavity, tunefulness, and balance of phrase, that characterise, *inter alia*, "Dread not, righteous Queen," "Tears assist me," and "O beautiful Queen, unclothe those eyes," mark their origin with a distinctness doubly apparent when a contrast is made with the more rugged eloquence of contemporary German art as illustrated by Bach. But, while this is the case, it is also true that we see Handel alone in the dramatic fitness which welds each air firmly into the perfect whole of the work. There is not a song in *Esther*, so regarded, that fails to present a study of characterisation and truthful expression. The choruses are fewer and less developed, with two exceptions, than those of later works, but all of them bear the stamp of the master's genius. What a mingling of grandeur and pathos have we in "Ye sons of Israel, mourn!" and how interesting it is to recognise this early demonstration of the fact that the Saxon master, while able to lead a nation's praises, could also embody, in accents fit to "storm the seat of mercy," a nation's cry of lamentation. What a wealth of power, moreover, is there in the triumphant song of the Israelites, "He comes to

end our woes," and how the hammer of this musical Thor descends on the words "Earth, tremble," till it seems as though the behest were literally obeyed. But in the final chorus, "The Lord our enemy hath slain"—an extended *scena* introducing *sol*i again and again—Handel may almost be held to surpass himself. It is a magnificent effort at fullest stretch of power, Pelion rising upon Ossa till the heavens are touched, and there seems no possibility of ascending higher. If only for this chorus, the revival of *Esther* deserves a welcome. But the oratorio is full of beauty, and now, with its sounds still vibrating, we look back over the gulf of a hundred and eighteen years with pity for the generations that neglected it.

Passing the questions involved in the conflicting editions of the work, and merely saying that the version used on Saturday was that of the English "Handel Society," edited by the late Charles Lucas, we come to the performance, which drew to Muswell Hill an audience, not only large, but representatives of all classes in the musical world. Here let us promptly recognise the merit generally displayed, from Mr Weist Hill, who worked with heart and soul as well as skill, down to the humblest chorister. Great pains must have been taken, and many rehearsals held, before music so unfamiliar could have been so thoroughly grasped. But the end was worth the means, thanks to which *Esther* made a fitting *début*. The soloists were Madame Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Howells, and Mr Wadmore—all English artists (as was fitting), although the first-named lady chooses to assume the disguise of a foreigner. Madame Nouver, who is new to London concert-rooms, has a fine and powerful soprano voice, as well as considerable aptitude for her profession. She needs further teaching, however, especially in recitative, the proper signification and manner of which do not seem to have been explained to her. Miss Enriquez sang capably "O Jordan, sacred tide," and the very dramatic invocation which opens the third act; while Mr Howells, a student, we believe, at the Royal Academy of Music, pleased by his agreeable voice and unobtrusive rendering of the second tenor music. Mr Vernon Rigby, strictly accurate as usual, sang the airs of Ahasuerus and Mordecai excellently, making with them the greater effect because they are well suited to his voice and style. Praise must also be given to this gentleman for his recitatives, which were uniformly declaimed with intelligence and dramatic purpose. Mr Wadmore rendered the music of Haman in a manner which showed the possession of more than a good voice, and the encore given to his recitative, "Turn not, O Queen," was as deserved as it was unexpected. The band and chorus, as already intimated, were thoroughly equal to their work, and Mr Weist Hill won hearty commendation by the judicious manner of his conducting. That *Esther* had a warm reception may be readily supposed. Four numbers were repeated, and at the end long and loud applause testified general satisfaction. We have only to say further, that the additions to Handel's meagre score were made by Mr Halberstadt in the true spirit of an artist, and with touches here and there of striking beauty. Not a note of the original was altered, while the additions made—a liberal allowance of trombone excepted—were marked by most excellent judgment.

ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

In consequence of the refusal of the Municipality to allow a grant of more than a hundred thousand francs for the Teatro Apollo, no one has come forward as a candidate for the vacant managerial throne. The upshot will most probably be, as it was in 1874, that the Municipality will decide at the last moment, when most artists of repute have already been engaged, on opening the theatre after all, and, instead of a hundred thousand, be under the obligation of paying two hundred thousand francs, and perhaps more, for a second or third rate company.—The Teatro Argentina has been opened with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Sig. Rota's ballet of *Fornaretto*. The next opera will be Verdi's *Macbeth*, and then comes Sig. Sangiorgi's new opera, *Diana*.—The Teatro Rossini has been opened with *La Sonnambula*, the part of the heroine by Signora Rosa Isidor.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the fifth concert, on Saturday, Mr Sims Reeves appeared, and the music-room was literally crammed. That the great English tenor was in full possession of his exceptional means was shown in the prayer from Charles Horsley's oratorio, *Gideon*, and the picturesque "Hunter's song" of Mendelssohn. He has rarely sung better. Both pieces were encored, but the first only was repeated. Madame Norman-Néruda, the queen of violinists (who ought to be called, by right of genius, Madame Joseph Joachim) also appeared at this concert, and played, with her accustomed taste and brilliancy, the concerto in F sharp minor of her master, Vieuxtemps. Madame Osgood, an American lady with a fine voice, was the other singer. The symphony was Spohr's magnificent "No. 4" (*Die Weihe der Töne*), the execution of which difficult work deserved all the applause it obtained—and that is saying no little. An overture, by R. Volkmann, to Shakspeare's *Richard III.* began the concert, which came to an end with the second of Beethoven's four orchestral preludes to *Fidelio*. *Richard III.*, though new to the audience, created little impression. In the last part of his overture Herr Volkmann introduces "The Campbells are coming" in order to give colour to his intended illustration of a battle. This, perhaps the only noticeable feature of the work, is not singled out, be it understood, as something to commend—inasmuch as it is a mere pointless anachronism—but as something to criticise. To *Fidelio* "No. 2" we can only say "Hats off!" In listening to such a masterpiece we almost feel inclined to wish that Beethoven had let well alone, and composed no other overture to his one opera. But then comes the so-called "No. 3," for which the world of art has to be grateful.—*Graphic*.

MINNIE HAUCK AT BERLIN.

The Berlin press is still as favourable as ever to this young lady. Herr Richard Wüerst says in the *Fremden Blatt*:—

"On Saturday Miss Minnie Hauck was first introduced to us as Aida. We confess that we now, for the first time, are in a position to appreciate the character in all its vocal and dramatic significance. Miss Minnie Hauck rules the field of song with an artistic mastery becoming more and more rare. While in the second and third acts we admired the flexibility of her voice, we were convinced of its volume and strength by the concerted pieces. In her acting she combined moderation with the glowing passion of the South."

Dr Gumprecht writes, as follows, in the *National Zeitung*:—

"Saturday presented us with Miss Hauck as Verdi's Aida. In more than one respect, the part was the most pretentious in which she had hitherto appeared before the Berlin public, and she went brilliantly through the difficult ordeal. We hardly thought her voice possessed such strength and lasting power. The intonation, always as clear as a bell, filled the ear with delight. The dramatic purport, conceived with spirit and decision, was brought out with convincing truthfulness down to its smallest details. The Ethiopian Princess is the true daughter of Meyerbeer's Selika. Hot blood courses through her veins and glowing passion in her heart. How truly she grasped the character was evident in the third act."

The same writer thus speaks of Miss Hauck's Rosina:—

"The young lady is one of the best representatives of Rosina, a part always sure, in the right hands, of achieving a brilliant success. Virtuoso-like technical skill, intelligence, and graceful delivery, are the qualities on which the composer relied, and the fair artist possesses all three of these lovely gifts. Smoothly, lightly, and without an effort, do the most intricate runs glide from her lips. With the purity of her intonation, and the correctness of her rhythmical articulation, the fundamental conditions of all musical plastics agreeable to the ear, not the smallest fault can be found. In her case, too, *fioriture* are no empty show-pieces of bravura singing, but a means of characterization, always filled with, and animated by, the frame of mind appropriate to the situation. The joy of youth and the sauciest roguishness came out exultingly in this romping game of notes; and through this the air and duet with Figaro first received their proper dramatic colour. Freely did the voice lavish its freshest and most melodious tones. The pieces interpolated in the Singing Lesson were the 'Madolinata' and a Waltz. A new charm was added to the first."

At the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Miss Minnie Hauck is apparently the right artist in the right place. X.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

The re-appearance of M. Faure as Hamlet at the Grand Opera is again deferred in consequence of his catching cold after his return from Versailles. His general health, however, is good, and it will not be long before he makes his appearance. Mad. Carvalho is to sing Ophelia, and Mdle de Rezké to succeed Mad. Carvalho as Marguerite in *Faust*.

The question of the Masked Balls at the Opera has again been under discussion. Finding that M. Halanzier was resolved not to give any balls, if obliged to pay the exorbitant rate of 25 or even 20 per cent, on the receipts to the Assistance Publique, the managing Committee of that body have offered to accept 15 per cent., for one year only, reserving the right of augmenting the impost, should they deem it advisable. This M. Halanzier refuses to concede. He requires a pledge that the Committee will continue the reduced rate as long as he conducts the Opera. If they consent, well; if not, the *Bals de l'Opera* will for a time be things of the past. [A good thing too.—A. S. S.]

Mdlle Saugalli has made her re-appearance in *La Source*.

Le Val d'Andorre still proves attractive at the Opéra Comique. The revival of *Carmen* is postponed, as Mdle Chapuy plays in both works, and cannot sing every night. She is also to sustain the leading character in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, which M. du Locle is about to revive. There is every probability of *Le Voyage en Chine* before many months have passed, not to speak of the first performance of *Piccolino*, with Mad. Galli-Marié.

Offenbach's *Créole* has been produced. The libretto, in three acts, from the pen of A. Millaud, is singularly free from the conventional improprieties. The following is the story. The Commandant Adhémar de Feuilles-Mortes, an officer of Louis XIV's navy, desirous of perpetuating the family name, and being too old himself for marriage, determines that his nephew René shall do so instead of himself. He fixes upon his ward, Antoinette, as the proper person to become René's wife. Of course, as the project of handing down the family name is one on which the Commandant has so firmly fixed his heart, that he never makes up his mind to put it into execution until about an hour before, in pursuance of orders from his Admiral, he must put out for a lengthened cruise. This, the reader will not fail to perceive, is indispensable. Had the Commandant adopted a course more in keeping with that pursued by ordinary uncles and guardians, beyond the sphere of comic opera, M. Millaud could never have written his libretto, and, consequently, M. Offenbach could never have set it to music. René, a dashing young musketeer, discovers that Antoinette loves a friend of his, a young barrister, named Frontignac. The cannon is heard as a signal for departure. The Commandant is obliged to set sail. The marriage knot is tied after he has left, but the "parties" tied up by it are Antoinette and Frontignac, not Antoinette and the Musketeer. René has lost his heart, at Guadeloupe, to a beautiful Creole, whose name is Dora. Wonderful to state, and well calculated to prove that truth is stranger than fiction, the Commandant returns unexpectedly to France, bringing with him no less a person than Dora herself. That interesting half-caste, having been left an orphan by her father, an old comrade of the Commandant's, the Commandant naturally adopts her. But for this noble act M. Libaut could not well have entitled his libretto *La Créole*, for Dora would have remained in her native isle, and never have visited the French capital. To escape the Commandant's ire, René pretends he has married Antoinette, and Frontignac is ostensibly a bachelor. The Commandant, who has a mania for marrying people to each other, determines that Dora shall become Mad. Frontignac. But, at the moment that Frontignac must either avow the truth or commit bigamy, the cannon, no less opportunely than before, again booms forth the signal of departure. On this occasion, however, for no earthly reason apparently, except it be to give the stage-carpenter a chance of achieving success, by a ship à l'Africaine, the Commandant takes all the *dramatis personæ* with him, to share the perils of his voyage. The secret is divulged; the Commandant pardons the offenders; and everyone is happy. The music is half-and-half music, to apply to music an epithet ordinarily reserved for beer. It is not the music of comic opera, nor the music of buffo opera; it is something betwixt and between. The best numbers are the air: "J'ai bien vu votre tendresse," and the

finale, in which the couplets: "C'est moi qui suis les grands parents" play a conspicuous part; a romance: "Il vous souvient de moi, j'espère," the air of the two Notaries, the finale, a Barcarolle, the "Chanson Créole," and a Quartet.

Mdlle Vanghell was exceedingly good as the scapegrace Musketeer, René. Mad. Judic never shone to better advantage than as the Creole, and much of the success achieved is due to her. Mdle Luce Couturier, a pupil of Roger's, made her first curtsy to the public as Antoinette, and a charming Antoinette she was. MM. Daubray, Cooper, and Fugère did justice to the characters of the Commandant, Frontignac, and St Chamas. I forgot to state the name of the theatre at which *La Créole* was produced. It is the Bouffes-Parisiens.

La Filleule du Roi has disappeared from the bills of the Renaissance, being replaced by *Giroflé-Girofla*. A one-act comic opera, *Les Deux Cousines*, words by M. Charles Raymond, music by M. Sauvage Trudin, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, has been well received at the same theatre, the leading characters sustained by Mesdames Tomy, Panseur, MM. Duval and Caliste.

M. Palianti has died suddenly at Sainte-Périne—aged seventy, having retired from his profession only a few weeks. He belonged for a long time to the Opéra-Comique, where he played small parts, and acted as stage-manager. He was known in the French provinces and elsewhere, by the scrupulously exact *Mises-en-Scène* of all the works produced during his career at the Grand Opera and Opéra-Comique.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A splendid performance of Beethoven's 7th Symphony was the most important feature of Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. "The Andante and Variations" from Hummel's Septet, admirably played by Messrs Hallé, Brossa, Lavigne, Vanhaute, Bernhault, Vieuxtemps, and Neuirth. Weber's *Euryanthe* and Reinecke's *An Adventure of Handel's* overtures, were also in the programme. The last named was the only novelty. Though not an ambitious work, it is scholarly and well scored; and the introduction of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" suggests a well-known but very doubtful story as the source of the 'Adventure' described in the operetta. Mr Charles Hallé played a Bach selection with perfect taste; and Mdle Varesi, who made her first appearance in Manchester, won universal favour. We have so often been disappointed with new operatic sopranos, that the brilliant execution and finished vocalisation of this young artist was a delightful surprise.

A mournful interest was given to this concert by the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, in memory of the late leader of the orchestra, whose career and death are thus feelingly referred to by the accomplished musical critic of the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"The concert opened with the Dead March in *Saul*, and many to whom this was a surprise felt a pang of sorrow when they learnt on inquiry that this was a last compliment to the memory of one whose face has been perhaps the most familiar of all objects to concert-goers in Manchester for nearly forty years. Mr C. A. Seymour, the leader of the orchestra, died on Monday last, and was buried on the morning of this concert. Only those who knew him intimately could thoroughly estimate the singular charm of his personal character. Unselfish to a remarkable degree; always ready to give way to others whom, in a spirit of self-depreciation peculiarly his own, he fancied, perhaps unjustly, superior to himself; cheerful, nay, even sunny, in mind; and youthful—so far as his desire to keep alive to the latest developments of musical art—even to the last moments of his professional career. These were some of his most charming characteristics, but they were personal to the man; and only those of his friends who knew how well his character was expressed in the sweet frankness of his winning smile can estimate the singular beauty and simplicity of his private character. For more than twenty years the writer of these lines enjoyed that privilege, the recollection of which to himself—as to Mr Seymour's professional brethren and numberless private friends—will be all the happier because it is unassociated with a single mean action or an unworthy thought."

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday last, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Mdme Roze-Perkins, MM. Paladini, Del Puente, and Behrens, appeared, as is needless to say, with great success.

Next week, Mr Carl Rosa's company will commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal.

November 10, 1875.

THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

The paper with which the session of the Musical Association opened last Monday will, we hope, have, at least, one good effect, that of exciting more interest amongst English musicians in musical literature. Beyond this we cannot imagine what object will be served by a paper which consisted of little beyond well-put truisms, and did not even attempt to deal with the causes at the root of the state of things assumed to exist, or to suggest remedies. We are of opinion that the subject had been far better left alone; but, as it has been brought under discussion, we do not propose to shrink from it, and we are, in truth, not sorry to have an opportunity of giving musicians who choose to take up the attitude of critics a little advice.

The great defect of Mr Salaman's elegant essay is that it is out of date. He, like other learned and excellent musicians, is evidently not much of a reader of current literature, and he describes a state of things which, if it ever existed, does not exist now. Whatever may have been the case twenty years ago, the prosings of Dr Crotch on musical criticism hit no mark now, and their solemn reproduction before a learned society of which some of the best musical critics of the day are members, would have been an insult, had it not been rather a matter for a smile that a man should take so much pains to beat the air. We all know that it is the duty of critics to be unbiassed, that people should not write about that of which they are ignorant, that venality is to be condemned, and that partiality is odious; just as we have been taught by our copy-books that honesty is the best policy, that cleanliness is next to godliness, and so forth: it was hardly necessary to tax the attention of a learned society with such obviousities, backed by solemn quotations from respected grandfatherly authors. If Mr Salaman had a real evil to expose he should have exposed it in detail and with examples. If musical criticism is in a bad way, by all means let us have it shown up in such form as may be tangible.

We venture to think that, to put the thing in rather an Irish way, if the excellent secretary of the Musical Association could have gone into his subject more closely, he would not have gone into it at all. The exceedingly general nature of Mr Salaman's remarks renders it uncertain what are the actual evils of musical criticism which he and some of the members of the Association are apparently so deeply concerned at; but, if the paper was driving at anything, we suppose it must have been driving at the presumed low state of musical criticism in the English press. We make bold to challenge, without hesitation, any such conclusion, and to assert that English musical criticism is in a high state of efficiency, rapidly educating the music-loving public, and gradually, though with greater difficulty, producing some good effect upon musicians themselves.

* * * * *

What, then, is all this fuss about? We have in England a lay newspaper press of which the musical department is absolutely free from venality, and the musical poets in which are, for the most part, well filled: we have a musical press proper which is quite able to hold its own, which is far above the standard of many of the musicians for whom it exists, and is chiefly occupied in laboriously coaxing musical men to think.

The truth of the matter is simply this: musical men—it may as well be said at once—do not know their own literature. They are not a reading class; they are as a rule not conspicuous for general culture, and few of them are competent to assess the merits of the criticism which their learned society met last Monday to criticise. Only here and there a musical man in England knows anything of French or German, Greek or Latin, or reads even enough English literature to keep his head above water in the presence of educated men. Consequently they take no interest—as Mr Mackeson in his stinging and forcible speech hinted—in musical literature, and they give it little or no support. Knowing and seeing next to nothing of what is written about music, they have, nevertheless, met to pass judgment on the critics, with the result which must always follow

when men talk about that of which they are ignorant. It was quite enough to be present at last Monday's discussion to find out how little the members of this society—always excepting those who are musical critics—knew about musical literature. We musical journalists, for instance, were gravely advised to give our readers reviews of the works of the old masters; and told, as a reason for doing so, that in other departments journalists were in the habit of reviewing ancient poets and authors, Milton, Virgil, and Horace! Gentlemen of the musical profession who spoke of Liszt as "Litz," who could not pronounce intelligibly the word "Gewandhaus," and who gave Wagner a denomination something like "waggoner," stood up to give lessons to journalists who every week have to skim the cream of German and French musical literature in the hope of stirring up in their insular minds some spark of intelligent interest in the drift of art currents abroad.

Such were some of the aspects presented by the meeting of last Monday. We recommend the Musical Association to let the musical critics alone. The attempt to make out a case of incompetency against them was a failure; the incidental result of betraying ignorance of current musical literature on the part of English musicians was conspicuous.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT LIVERPOOL.

The *Liverpool Daily Post*, in its notice, on the 9th inst., of Madame Christine Nilsson's performance in Gounod's *Faust*, at the Alexandra Theatre, writes as subjoined:—

"To any one who had not seen Madame Christine Nilsson in opera her impersonation of Marguerite must have been as great a surprise as a pleasure; and, for ourselves, we must admit that, often as we have seen the opera, we never saw Marguerite—the Marguerite of *Faust* and Goethe—till last night. As an art study it was simply perfect, for so thoroughly natural a result was attained that the art was entirely lost sight of. It was the most admirable combination of singing and acting we have seen and heard since Jenny Lind. To enumerate excellences would be to notice nearly every phrase, to recall each change of feature, or appropriate action. Foremost, however, must stand out the Garden Scene. The abstraction with which she began her labours at the spinning wheel, her singing of the 'King of Thule,' with its natural interruptions, and of the recurring thoughts of *Faust*, were in marvellous contrast to the wonder and delight displayed on finding the casket, the childishness of her joy, and the gushing impetuosity of her singing of this brilliant number. The mingled nervousness and pleasure in the opening of the love scene, the exquisite pathos with which she refers to her mother and sister, her rapid change from confidence to doubt, and final admission of her love, were extraordinary displays of expression, both facial and vocal. Her tragic powers, as displayed in the painful scene attending her brother's death, in the celebrated church where she so marvellously depicts the conflict between faith and despair, and in the *finale*, stood out in powerful relief. In look, action, and voice, she was, to our mind, the living embodiment of the poet's ideal, and in the execution of the music, by her faultless vocalization, and clearness and purity of intonation, attained a combination of excellences which we fear we shall never see or hear again—in this part at least."

We can unhesitatingly endorse this opinion of our esteemed and learned *confrère*.

VENICE.—According to report, Sig. Boito's new opera, *Mefistofele*, will be performed here in the spring.

ANTWERP.—Gounod's *Mireille* has been performed here with Mad. Lemoine in the title-part, and M. Léopold Ketten as Vincent.

MILAN.—The Teatro Carcano will open with *Der Freischütz*. Sig. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas* is to be brought out at the Teatro Castelli.

BOLOGNA.—Signora Virginia Ferni, the fair violinist, and her cousin, Sig. Angelo Ferni, also a violinist, will give a series of concerts here during the present month.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, produced last year at the Royal Opera-house, Moscow, has now been brought out very successfully here.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr Arthur Chappell began his 18th season on Monday night, with a programme remarkable alike for variety and interest. The Monday Popular Concerts have taken so firm a hold upon London audiences that it would be superfluous to dilate upon the healthy influence they have exercised from the commencement—what good they have done for art, and how, by strict adherence to the principles upon which they started, some sixteen years ago, they have strengthened and consolidated their position. The concert on Monday night was the 516th since the institution—for “institution” it may justly be called—was first set on foot; and the crowd of amateurs that thronged St James’s Hall was a fair test of the general belief in their worth. The selection of pieces was as subjoined:—

PART I.		
Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4—strings	Beethoven.	
New songs, “Dancing lightly, comes the Summer,” and “Maiden mine.”	...	Sterndale Bennett.
Sonata, in C, Op. 53, (Waldstein), Piano-forte	...	Beethoven.
PART II.		
Trio, in D minor, Op. 6, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	...	Bargiel.
Air, “Un aura amorosa” (<i>Così fan Tutte</i>)	...	Mozart.
Quartet, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2—strings	...	Haydn.

Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict.

The two quartets, one at the beginning and one at the end of the concert, were in consonance with early tradition, and for that reason all the more acceptable. The chief object of the Monday Popular Concerts, as laid down by Mr Chappell in his first announcement, was to make the “public,” independently of connoisseurs, acquainted with those treasures bequeathed to us by the universally recognised great masters in the form of what is termed “chamber music,” and of which scarce one work out of 50 was previously known, except to a favoured minority. Now, the quartet of Beethoven was heard for the eighth, and that of Haydn for the thirteenth, time in St James’s Hall. Upon the merits of these fine works it is unnecessary to dwell. Each has long been acknowledged as a capital specimen of its author, while it is equally agreed upon that each bears convincingly the impulse of the Protean Mozart—proclaimed by Richard Wagner himself the chief and most gifted of absolute musicians. The quartet of Beethoven belongs to his early period, being the fourth of a series of six (Op. 18), dedicated to one of its composer’s staunchest patrons—Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Raudnitz. It is in the first and last movements that the influence of Mozart is most vividly apparent; the second movement (“*andante scherzando*,” in the major key), and the minuet, with trio, being Beethoven *pur et simple*—the former evidently springing from the same source to which we are indebted for a similar movement in the earliest of the nine orchestral symphonies. Haydn’s quartet reminds us so irresistibly in more than one theme and passage of Mozart that, though we have no accepted authority for the date of its production, we are impressed with a belief that it must have been written either after Mozart’s death, or, at least, after the time at which Mozart composed his quartet in the same key (D minor), and his quintet in C minor. Only the trio of the minuet and the *rondo finale* are in Haydn’s genuine, playful, and individual manner. Each movement, nevertheless, is admirable, in its way, and the opening *allegro* perhaps best of all. Both quartets were capably played by Messrs Wilhelmj, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert (violoncello during the absence of Signor Piatti). Herr Wilhelmj leads a quartet with just the same facility, taste, and vigour as he plays a solo. To him Beethoven and Haydn are equally familiar, and we can imagine nothing more unaffected and artistically noble than his reading of both masters. That the audience were conscious of his merits was shown in the unanimous plaudits following movement after movement.

The pianist of the evening was Madame Annetta Essipoff, from St Petersburg, who was so favourably received the year before last at the concerts of the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, and at some “recitals” on her own account. The sonata chosen for the occasion (happily a sonata is a *sine quâ non* at Mr Chappell’s concerts) was that of Beethoven in C major, inscribed to Count Waldstein (Op. 53). This magnificent piece is one of the most

difficult and trying of a series that would have immortalised the composer had he given nothing else to art. It presents, however, no difficulties to Madame Essipoff. She played it, indeed—the *rondo* in particular—with fluent ease and brilliancy, awakening the enthusiasm of the audience, who thrice called back the young and fair executant. It is worth noticing that this sonata—first introduced to a Monday Popular Concert audience by Madame Arabella Goddard, in 1859—was on Monday evening performed for the seventeenth time; so that the frequenters of St James’s Hall must be tolerably familiar with its beauties. A trio (Op. 6) by Herr Waldemar Bargiel, with which some time ago Mr Charles Hallé, at his instructive recitals, made the musical public acquainted, began the second part. This trio is for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—which, we fancy, means all that is absolutely requisite to say about it. Of originality it offers no trace, while the themes upon which it is constructed are of such a character—or, rather, have so little individual character—that the length of the work is out of proportion with the interest of its materials. The frequent introduction of works by modern composers of whom little or nothing can be known among us is highly commendable, and, doubtless, adds to the attraction of Mr Chappell’s entertainments; but a single performance of Bargiel’s trio is surely enough to serve all purposes. It had every chance in the hands of such artists as Madame Essipoff, Herr Wilhelmj, and M. Daubert, who did every thing possible for its success. It created, however, but faint impression, and is not likely very soon to be heard again. The players, on the other hand, were legitimately entitled to the applause that rewarded their strenuous endeavour to make something out of nothing.

The singer was Mr Shakespeare, a young Englishman, pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, who, first making himself known as a pianist and composer of ability, has recently devoted his exclusive attention to the vocal art, studying in Italy under some of the most noted professors, returning to his own country with a tenor voice of very agreeable quality, and already exhibiting marked progress. Besides an *aria* from Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*, Mr Shakespeare brought forward two unknown songs by the late Sterndale Bennett, set to some graceful stanzas from the pen of Mr T. Case. Both are the genuine products of an experienced pen, instinct with that melodious charm and refinement of detail for which even the least ambitious of their composer’s works are distinguished. Musicians may give preference to the first—“Dancing lightly, comes the summer”—but the majority of the uninitiated will, we think, find most sympathy with the second—“Maiden mine”—as unpretending and perfect a ballad as can be imagined. They were both sung with true expression by Mr Shakespeare, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict, as he best knows how to accompany.—*Times*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The “Beethoven Night” at the Royal Italian Opera House on Wednesday attracted the usual number of admirers of the music of the “tone-poet.” Signor Arditì, who conducted the several works *con amore*, made a judicious selection. One of the overtures to *Fidelio*, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the violin romance in F, and the symphony (No. 4) in B flat, formed the instrumental, “Adelaida,” (sung by Mr Pearson) and “L’absence,” by Mdme Roze-Perkins, the vocal portion of the programme. The members of the orchestra were on their metal, and executed the symphony to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who heartily applauded each movement. The pianoforte concerto was entrusted to Herr Stöcker, who was twice called forward at the end. We shall, doubtless, hear more of this clever artist. Madame Neruda met with deserved success. Her fine performance of the Romance elicited an “encore” so marked that it was hoped the fair violinist would have complied; but she gave an “Etude-Romance” (?) by Leonard instead, which we should have preferred hearing on another occasion, notwithstanding the perfection with which it was played. A miscellaneous selection formed the second part of the programme, in which *Les Huguenots* and *La Grande Duchesse* were called upon to supply opportunities for the solo instrumentalists of the band to exhibit their skill. Mr Pearson and Mdme Roze-Perkins contributed some vocal *morceaux*, the lady selecting a gipsy song entitled, “A dream wish,” the characteristic words by Mrs M. A. Baines, and the music by Professor Bergson.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—where are we floundering?
 DR QUINCE. Why—into an estuary.
 DR SHIPPING. Well—how an estuary?
 DR QUINCE. Why—look at Macmillan!
 DR SHIPPING. Well—what about Macmillan?
 DR QUINCE. Why—ask Dr Dannreuther.

(Exeunt hurriedly.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students' first evening concert for the present season took place at St James's Hall, on Thursday, November 4. The following is the programme:—

Fugue, in C minor, for two performers on two pianofortes (Miss Kelly and Miss A. Duffot)—Mozart; Aria, "O! die che lode," (Miss Catharine Farquhar)—Marcello; Duet, "La Riconciliazione," (Miss Shaboe and Mr George)—Lucantoni; Sonata, in G minor (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Boole)—Schumann; Recit. ed aria, "Che farò," (*Orfeo*) (Miss Eliza Thomas)—Gluck; Quartet, "Quia apud te propitiatio te Domine," (*De Profundis*) (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Seligmann, and Mr A. L. Hatch)—Gounod; Sonata, Quasi Fantasia, in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1) Adagio, Allegretto, Presto Agitato (Miss Bucknall)—Beethoven; Song, "When I remember" (Miss Evans)—G. A. Macfarren; Part song (MS.), "The ballad of young John and his true sweetheart"—Oliveria Prescott (Student); Lied, in A (No. 4, book 1), Mendelssohn, and Allegro brillante, in E (No. 1 from Pezzi di Bravura), Potter, pianoforte (Miss Fitch); Sacred song, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning" (Miss Reimar)—H. C. Banister; Duet, "Sull' aria" (*Nozze di Figaro*) (Miss Marietta and Miss Kate Brand)—Mozart; Aria, "Qui sdegno" (*Flauto Magico*) (Mr Gordon Gooch) Mozart; Allegro grazioso e brillante, from the Duo Brillante in E (Op. 19), for two performers on the pianoforte (Miss Tate and Miss Smith)—Charles E. Stephens; New part songs, "Softly come! thou evening gale" and "Pipe! red lipp'd Autumn, pipe!"—H. Smart; Melodia, "Perché piangi" (Miss Sadie Singleton)—Gounod; Trio, "Ah! taci, ingiusto core" (*Don Giovanni*) (Miss Shaboe, Mr George, and Mr Gordon Gooch)—Mozart; Romance, in F (Op. 50), violin (Mr Luke)—Beethoven; Recit., Solo, and Chorus "Though all thy friends" (*Crucifixion*) (Solo, Miss Jessie Jones)—Spohr; Allegro di Bravura (op. 31), "La Legerezza," pianoforte (Mr Charlton Speer, Sterndale Bennett Scholar)—Moscheles; Trio, "Vorrei Parlar" (*Falstaff*) (Miss Aylward, Miss Edouard, and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar)—Balfé; Song, "The sea hath its pearls" (Miss Kate Brand, violoncello *obbligato*, Mr Buels)—Lachner; Hunting song, "Up, up, ye Dames"—Walter Macfarren.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Chute, Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibition), Miss Farrar, Miss Katie Steel, Mr F. W. W. Bamfylde, and Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted. The pieces received with the greatest favour were the excerpt from Schumann's sonata, very intelligently played by Miss Boole; Gounod's "De Profundis," capably sung; Beethoven's sonata, admirably given by Miss Bucknall; Mr G. A. Macfarren's song, "When I remember;" Miss Oliveria Prescott's part-song, for which the fair composer was called forward to receive the applause of the audience; Mr Henry Smart's new part-songs, and Balfé's trio from his opera, *Falstaff*, admirably "interpreted" by the Misses Aylward, Edouard, and Bolingbroke. From a printed circular issued by the Committee we are pleased to learn the increasing prosperity of the institution. The number of students in the Academy is now 268 (76 male and 192 female students), thirty-one new pupils having been admitted in the Lent term, 30 in the Easter, and 53 in the Michaelmas term.

SARAGOSSA.—The Theatre here has been repaired and redecorated.

Higher Development.

Nos. 3 and 4.

LISZT FERENCZ.



Szemét lehunyja. Mintha csak magának játszanék. Ünnepléses morgadalom a huroknak.



Pianissimo. Szt. assisi Liszt Ferencz beszélt a maderakkal. Arcza elvilágosodik.

(To be continued.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 15, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

- QUARTET in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT Schumann.
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Miss HELENE ARNIM Handel.
SONATA in D minor, Op. 29, for pianoforte alone—M^{me} ESSISOFF Beethoven.

PART II.

- TRIO in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—
M^{me} ESSISOFF, MM. STRAUS and DAUBERT Schubert.
SONG, "Der Mond"—Miss HELENE ARNIM Schumann.
QUARTET in C, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT Haydn.
Conductor Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" Bach.
{ "Liebestreu" Brahms.
M^{lle} THEKLA FRIEDLÄNDER.
SONATA in G minor, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Madame
ANNETTE ESSISOFF Schumann.
SONGS, { "Du bist die Ruh'" Schubert.
{ "Auftrage" Schumann.
M^{lle} THEKLA FRIEDLÄNDER.
SEPTET in D minor, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola,
violoncello, and double bass—Madame ANNETTE ESSISOFF,
MM. BRONSA, LAVIGNE, VANHAUTE, ZERBINI, REYNOLDS, and
DAUBERT Hummel.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

DEATH.

On November the 1st, at Slough, Bucks, Robert Barnett, aged 57, many years a professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music (where he had been educated) and Queen's College, Harley Street; associate of the Philharmonic Society, and member of the Royal Society of Musicians.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr Serpent.—In my opinion Charles Salaman should be re-baptised Solomon David.

Dr Ghost.—State the reasons upon which you found your opinion.

Dr Serpent.—In casting that "Stone" at the critics, Salaman outcast himself.

Dr Ghost.—My opinion is that he did nothing of the kind. Salaman wrote in the Circle.

Dr Serpent.—That particular circle is extinct. I am now the only circle.

Dr Ghost.—Hem! Then put your tail in your mouth, as Salaman did, or square yourself, as Salaman didn't.

(Both vanish.)

ARABELLA GODDARD IN AMERICA.

THE subjoined is from the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Amateur:—

"It is very difficult to say anything at all about Madame Goddard's piano-playing. She appears to me to have a mastery over the piano, peculiarly her own, and beyond the simple reach of one's pen. As the spirit moved her, she played miles away from me, and into my very ear, if you could call singing playing; for the instrument sang under her fingers. Such a continuous flow of delicate sound I had never heard previously from a piano; nor had I ever heard a grander volume in forte passages. In truth, she is a great pianist—great in every relation."

It must be gratifying to English amateurs to find an American critic not only able to appreciate but willing to acknowledge the genius and talent of a lady who, though born of English parents, is, in simple truth, the most perfect existing mistress of her art. The Americans don't yet know Arabella Goddard; but we earnestly hope they may, before she leaves; and then, because (though cautious) magnanimously chivalrous, they will, with one voice, summon her back.

IT is not alone in politics that Italy is changed from what she was since the *Rè Galantuomo*, guided by Cavour, first entered on the path which has led to the Quirinal. An important revolution has for some time been going on among Italian composers, and visibly affected the thirty or

forty new operas annually brought out in the Ansonian Peninsula. Of this number, the great majority, like the "*Capellmeister* Operas" of the Germans, are seldom heard of in the rest of Europe. "*Quædam bestiolæ unum tantum diem viunt*," says the old Latin author. His words might be applied almost as appropriately to the operas in question as to the midges and other insects of which he is discoursing.

A contributor to the *Berlin Echo* directed attention, in an able notice, some months ago, to this subject, which is one possessing great interest. The leading characteristics of the productions above mentioned were not to be mistaken. The composer exerted himself, in the first place, to write in a fresh and melodious style, without troubling his head a straw as to whether or no what he wrote was in keeping with the dramatic situation. The style was calculated to show off the singers in a favourable light, and to achieve his great aim, namely:—effect. That was enough for him. So he clung with wonderful tenacity to certain traditional and antiquated forms, and one opera bore as strong a family likeness to the opera which preceded it as one jelly bears to another jelly turned out of the same mould.

But innovation is surely undermining this state of things, as the German Ocean is wasting away that insular rabbit-warren known as Heligoland. Among Italian *maestri* of the present decennium, bold young spirits, in whom the bump of veneration must be a cavity, have sprung up and ruthlessly ignored much in which their fathers delighted. One of the first things to go has been the Cabaletta, which, without rhyme or reason, was invariably introduced in a certain place, and in which the cornet-à-piston usually took a leading part to "support the voice;" a task it performed, as a rule, so conscientiously—and vigorously—that it was as much as the singer could do to make himself or herself heard. Many other old remnants of the past have likewise disappeared. But modern composers, in their eagerness for change, have not unfrequently jumped from one extreme to another. They have abandoned old forms to rush headlong into "endless melody," and we all know what that is:—a dreary something, in which the melody never ends, for the simple reason that it never begins. The imitators of this system fail to perceive, that even he who invented it does not blindly follow it as they do. The consequence is, that they degrade music into a mere superfluous accompaniment to the dialogue.

The painful efforts made by certain Italian composers of the present day to "suit the action to the notes and the notes to the action"—if we may parody Hamlet's instructions to the Players—often lead them into regrettable excesses. The tenor wounded unto the death, or the prima donna expiring from the effect of a poisoned chalice, were, as frequently as not, wafted into eternity by former composers on the strains of a waltz motive, or something equally well adapted for the purpose; composers of the present day illustrate such events by fearful harmonies, and treat their audiences to a course of musical pathology, aught but pleasant to nicely attuned ears. The same unreasoning zeal has misguided the advocates of the new Italian school in their treatment of the orchestra. Formerly, the orchestra played a most unimportant part. It is now exalted into undue and, so to speak, crushing pre-eminence. Fugued passages, contrapuntal imitations, *points d'orgue* and *hoc genus omne*, follow each other in never-ceasing and indeterminate succession. The attention of the audience is diverted from the stage to the orchestra. The opera becomes a long protracted symphony, resembling the Irishman's cable, of which some one had cut off the extremity. Many a singer, as he sinks beneath the waves of sound

surging up furiously from the frantic violins, remembers with regret the cornet-à-piston of days gone by, and bitterly regrets it as the embodiment, comparatively, of silence.

As may easily be supposed, this kind of operatic-writing has not failed to meet with opposition. The anxious patriot, not perceiving its transitory nature, trembles lest the national peculiarities may disappear for ever. An ordinary theatre-goer will not, at any price, resign the Cabaletta. Recalcitrants rise up on all sides, and every opinion, no matter from whom it emanates, adverse to the new tendencies, is carefully preserved and chronicled. It is with great satisfaction that the champions of the old school recall the words of an Austrian Archduke, who, some year or two since, witnessed the production of a novelty at the Scala, Milan. On being asked how he liked the new opera, his Imperial Highness replied:—"I had hoped to hear in Italy Italian music. But people in my own country write music like that which I have heard this evening, and"—he continued, with a smile, "sometimes even better."

The writer to whom reference has been made observes that, on looking at the matter with an unprejudiced eye, we perceive in it naught save a re-action, which, long working in silence, after having been restrained, partly by political circumstances and partly by conservative adherence to what bore the stamp of tradition, has at last burst forth with unseemly vehemence. But a vigorous and purifying spirit now marks the studies of young Italian musicians. That they should want at one leap to recover the lost ground, and, in so doing, sometimes come to grief, is part and parcel of their Southern nature. Practice, however, will teach them to use discreetly and judiciously the materials at command, and there is reason to hope that any loss entailed upon Italian opera by the renunciation of a speciality which was but a dubious advantage, may be compensated by dramatic truth and ennobled form.

R. K.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the *New York "Touchstone,"* October 16th.)

Although this artist appeared in concert with Tietjens, we regard her genius and individuality so strongly marked as to demand a separate article at our hands, brief though it may be.

Notwithstanding, then, that the grand performances of Rubinstein are still ringing in our ears, and that the famous Dr von Bulow has already arrived on our shores, we are of the opinion that no greater pianist than Mdme Goddard has ever visited this country, and question very much whether Europe has produced one with more exceptional powers or greater mastery over her instrument. True that, on a Wagnerian plane, there are certain distinguished performers who, through brain and muscle, and years of persistent drudgery, have worked the piano up to orchestral dimensions, as it were; but these are simply prodigies of learning and labour, who merely study the external architecture of music, and who sometimes build stupendous structures, that, however symmetrical in themselves, are cold, dark, and voiceless within. Not so with the creations of Mdme Goddard, however; for, whether she build a palace or a cot, you feel that, in the midst of light and life, she is enthroned in the one, or seated by the fireside of the other. It is impossible to describe the power, the beauty, and the delicacy of this great artist's touch, or the brilliancy of her execution. No matter what the composition, she grasps it with her fingers all aglow, as it were, and pours her very soul along the keys, until the instrument, forgetting its nature, absolutely sings in sympathy with her. No finer interpreter of Beethoven could possibly exist. There is not a secret chamber of the great master's heart of which she does not possess the key. No left hand has ever dealt out its slow

movements with more stately magnificence, and no right hand has ever poured upon them more brilliant floods of sunshine. In truth, she is a rare creation, whose genius, school, and culture form a triad the most charming, and whose *technique*, fervour, and poesy are delightful to contemplate. * * * * *

Mdme Goddard's *début* at Steinway Hall was, of course, quite worthy her world-wide fame. Like her fair sister, she was recalled and bouquetté to the last. After having enjoyed her splendid performances, one's ears itch to hear von Bülow, who is said to have some new revelations to make. On this point, however, we must possess our souls in patience, until the famous German opens Chickering Hall on the 15th of next month.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—We learn from America that there is every hope the Tietjens' miscellaneous concerts will be abandoned, and that the great *prima donna* will reserve her forces for oratorio, and subsequently for opera. We are also told that Madame Arabella Goddard and Dr von Bülow will form an artistic partnership, and give recitals together in New York and elsewhere. If the latter news be true our American friends may be congratulated on the opportunity of hearing in one room the two greatest pianists of the age.

PROVINCIAL.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday last, in the Exchange Hall. The artists were Miss Ada Moore, Mrs M. A. Warren (of Mr Charles Hallé's concerts), Mr W. Williams (of Canterbury Cathedral), and Mr Orlando Christian. The chorus of fifty voices were from the town and surrounding villages. The trebles were up to their work, and the band all that could be desired. Mr Deimer was organist, and Mr Harrington conducted.

MAIDENHEAD.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert on Thursday evening, November 4th. The principal artists were Miss Jessie Royd, Mr Videon Harding, and Mr Christian. Romberg's "Lay of the Bell" was the *pièce de résistance*. It was effectively rendered by principals, band, and chorus. Herr Rosenthal, an excellent violinist, who should be oftener heard in public, executed, with great brilliancy, Beethoven's "Romance" (Op. 40); Mr Christian did full justice to "The Desert;" Miss Royd gave a capital rendering of the solos in Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, and was supported by a well-balanced chorus and full orchestra; Mr V. Harding, in Sullivan's song, "The Sailor's Grave," obtained deserved applause. Herr Max Schultz conducted.

WINDSOR.—A grand concert was given in the Town Hall, Windsor, on Monday, by the Mayor (W. Underhay, Esq.), in aid of local institutions, under the direction of Mr John Gower. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 12), for violin and pianoforte, and Schubert's Sonata in D, excellently rendered by Mr J. S. Liddle and Mr Gower. Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and a sacred quartet, "O Lord, my God," composed by the conductor, and sung by Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr Sexton, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr O. Christian. Miss Sinclair was encored in "Softly Sighs" (Weber) and "I love my Love." Mr Christian, in Gounod's "Nazareth," and Mr H. Guy, in "Deeper and deeper still" and "My Queen," were deservedly applauded.

CHELTEMHAM.—Ricardo Linter's recital of pianoforte music, last Wednesday week, at the Corn Exchange, was one of the most interesting that has been given for a long time. In the first part of the programme Mr Linter played a Sonata in C, and the Rondo in G, by Beethoven, and, in the second part, the Allegro, Scherzo, and the difficult Fugue of the great Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). At the conclusion, the audience became quite excited, and applauded Mr Linter most enthusiastically. The fugue was taken at a good pace, and was carried on with immense spirit. We think Mr Linter is the first pianist, in a provincial town, who has essayed this difficult sonata, and Cheltenham ought to be very proud to have a resident professor able to interpret such a work.

BRIGHTON.—Miss Wallis concluded her engagement last Saturday at the Theatre Royal, and, on Monday, Mr. Sims Reeves made his appearance in *Guy Rammerey*, before an audience that completely filled the theatre. Miss Fanny Heywood, Miss Annie Goodall, Mr G. Fox and Mr. Nye Chart were the coadjutors of Mr Reeves.—Signor Conti gave the last of his concerts at the Pavilion, with the

assistance of Miss Helen D'Alton, Signor Pireri, Signora Rizzelli, M. Paque, Mr William Coenen, and Signora Bianchi.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced by Mr Watts (Cramer & Co.), to be given this morning, in the Dome, by the Brighton Philharmonic Society. Mdme Essipoff is to give a recital of pianoforte music next Friday, in the Pavilion, under the direction of Messrs Robert Potts & Co.—Mr Kuhe is already advertising his "Brighton Festival," so that the musical season may be pronounced in full swing at "London-super-mare."

MDLLE TIETJENS.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

It is amusing to witness the manner in which some of our dailies and weeklies pepper Mdle Tietjens with snipe-shot, because she is unable to transmute concert into opera. This distinguished cantatrice came to this country to give us a season of concert, as announced; but no sooner had she begun to fulfil her engagement, than those critics who hear with their eyes only, and who are incapacitated from appreciating music, *per se*, or loving it for its own dear sake, demand that it shall assume all the parade and adventitious trappings of the lyric stage.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the bare boards and the naked walls of the concert-room afford the best and surest means of testing the vocal powers, the training, and the musical genius of any artist who comes amongst us, as Mdle Tietjens does, in search of wealth and fame. Is not all music sufficient unto itself? Or has "Bel raggio" to hobble about, halt, or maimed, or blind, until it stumbles in before the footlights of the opera, and picks up its eyes, or the gilded crutches of costume and scenery. The idea is inadmissible, and is never indulged by those who are sensitive to all that is exquisite in the divine art, or who are sufficiently educated to pronounce upon it with the highest intelligence. Music is obviously intended to steal upon the soul through the gates of the ears only. The eyes, consequently, are not necessary to its appreciation in any degree. She who fails as an artist in concert can only succeed on the lyric stage through her dramatic powers. Hence the false criticisms which now obtain in relation to Mdle Tietjens' performances at Steinway Hall, and the absurdity of following a line of argument with reference to her singing which would go to prove that the cup gives body, mellowness, and flavour to the wine.

We do not intend to compliment Mdle Tietjens after the manner of some of our contemporaries, who have most graciously conceded to her a fine stage presence, a large and highly-cultivated voice, and a superb method—all of which they have long inferred, necessarily, from the comments of the English press upon her for upwards of twenty years.* But what we do intend to compliment her on is the volume, compass, quality, and evenness of her voice, and the vast scope and power which she has displayed at her concerts here, in rendering so magnificently three such widely different numbers as the "Last Rose of Summer," the Grand *aria* and *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, and "L'Ardita," a waltz, by Arditi. These are all representative compositions, demanding such various treatment and poses of sentiment that one wonders at the perfect grace, the grandeur, and the brilliancy which characterised them individually. This sweep of coast has been seldom travelled with so sure and certain a step as that of Mdle Tietjens, although the sunlight that fell upon her path was, perhaps, at times, somewhat cold and phosphorescent.

That Mdle Tietjens is a very grand artist there can be no doubt; although, as is the case with most large voices, her execution is not *extraordinarily* brilliant, and would not, perhaps, tell in lengthy, rapid, and elaborate passages with such fine effect as that of Nilsson or De Murska. Still, it never fails; while, at intervals, it is as swift, clean, and true as the flash of a swallow's wing. Her *début* here was most successful, although she had to struggle against a very questionable orchestra, and a couple of male singers—one of whom was utterly aliphod and inaudible, while the other suggested the idea of a person who was singing vigorously at a mark. She gives her next *matinée* at Steinway's to-day, Saturday; and appears in oratorio, with the Centennial Choral Society, on Wednesday next, when some critic will have an opportunity of saying something about her in oratorio.

* Mdle Tietjens made her first appearance among us in 1858.—D.P

MEFISTOFELE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW ITALIAN COMPOSER.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(Continued from page 744.)

The new drama is divided, as we have said, into six parts—a prologue, four acts, and an epilogue.

The prologue gives a great development to the Prologue in the Heavens of *Faust*. The celestial phalanxes, the Chorus Mysticus, the cherubs, the archangels are invisible behind the nebulae, from which the mighty sound of the seven trumpets and the booming of the seven thunders, and Mephisto alone in the shadow, leaning his feet on the skirt of his mantle, lays his wager with God, and then disappears, vexed by the angels. At this point, M. Boito has added a prayer of the penitent woman, which rises from the earth to the heaven, a quite new and splendid idea, for, to the sublime thought of the Paradise, it adds all that the earth has of most poetic and beautiful, the fervid prayer of the woman to God.

The first act is divided into two parts: the first—the Easter Sunday—is worked out from the “Before the City Gate;” the second—the Pact—corresponds with the scenes entitled the Study, except the chorus of the invisible spirits and the dialogue of Mephisto with the scholar.

The second act, also, is divided into two parts: the first—the Garden—is worked out of the two scenes, Garden and Martha's Garden; the second—the night of Sabbath—from the night of Walpurgis, except the acting, with the addition of the “world-song,” in the witches' kitchen.

The third act—the death of Margaret—is the scene of the Prison, with which the first *Faust* ends.

The fourth act carries us into the Night of the Classical Sabbath, which is worked out from the Classical Night of Walpurg. The vastness of the picture of Goethe obliged M. Boito to omit many episodes; so he chose, as a hinge to his Classical Sabbath, the scene in which Faust, adorned as a cavalier of the middle age, presents himself to Helena.

The epilogue, the death of Faust, keeps a little off from the first act of the second *Faust*; and, though the new epilogue is, dramatically, of great effect, we must own that the epilogue of the first edition was, poetically, much more praiseworthy and quite faithful to the text. Faust, in his old age, is again sitting down in his study, and raves; at his side Mephisto, who, foreboding that his death is near, looks out for the transition of his soul. Celestial songs are heard, and Faust is listening to them. Mephisto, to tempt him, evokes the Sirens, but Faust relies upon the Gospel; and, absorbed in the celestial vision, dies, whilst the angels put Mephisto to flight with a rain of sunbeams, songs, and flowers.

As we consider it in its integrity, this drama may be set down among the most artist-like works; and even opposers involuntarily paid to it the homage of spending pages of journalistic writing to demonstrate—though without success—that it was not worth the trouble of occupying themselves with it. The verse is sometimes too eccentric, sometimes too rough, but always robust and never vulgar. Here and there we find pieces of good poetry which might worthily appear in the works of every good author. And the experiment of introducing—to give more vivacity to the scene—the measure of the Greek verse, in the Classical Sabbath, has also happily succeeded. The best attestation of esteem to the poet has been given by the public; the demand for the book being so great that, on the evening of the first representation, the third edition was already exhausted.

What we have said is enough on account of the drama. As we come to speak of the music, we must premise that, when we declare our opinion about the work of M. Boito, we do not bear in mind that it is his first work—for in art there is no law of succession; therefore, the praise that, faithful to truth, we must bestow on the author, should not be confused with that which is generally and unjustly bestowed, under pretext of encouraging, upon anyone scarce emerging from mediocrity.

The bold idea of setting *Faust* to music rose in the mind of M. Boito when he was still young, and his musical studies were not yet finished. If we do not mistake, the first fragments were written in 1861. In these fourteen years, M. Boito, fascinated by the great conception of Goethe, though he was not continually

occupied in setting it to music—for he turned his mind also to two other operas, which we hope to see soon finished—yet continually pondered it over in his mind, and made it the principal aim of his studies. With true artistic ambition, very learned, and endowed with an extraordinary perception of the beautiful, he understood, as few men understand, how *Faust* is philosophically and literally sublime; and he felt what the music should be to express with equal strength an equal conception in another art; but, as he was not ready to delude himself on account of the merit of his work, nor so proud as to impose thus upon others and himself his own work, he made, changed, made again, till his conscience of artist told him that he had done all that he could do to set the subject to music. Thus fourteen years elapsed: but the past years, for M. Boito, stopped in his *Mefistofele*, in which we find all the most beautiful ideas that rose in the mind of the author during that period; we find in it the fruit of the studies of about three lustres; we find in it all the vigour and impetuosity of the juvenile boldness, not deteriorated, not weakened, but moderated by the severe education of the mind.

(To be continued.)

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Messrs Harrison's subscription concerts attracted one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever seen in the Town Hall; even the orchestra, usually devoted to the lowest priced portion, being filled with reserved seats, which were taken some days before the performance. No doubt the “bright particular star” mainly contributing to this result was the renowned Swedish songstress, Christine Nilsson, whose first appearance in Birmingham, at the Festival of '67 (since which time she had only sung here once), made so highly favourable an impression on the metropolis of the Midlands. The reception accorded to Mdme Nilsson was of the warmest; and, as the *prima donna* humoured her admirers by responding to the applause which followed each of her solos, not only re-appearing, but acceding to the encores, the public had the satisfaction of listening to “Auld Robin Gray” as a sequence to the “Air des bijoux” (preceded by the “Rê de Thule” ballad from *Faust*); “The minstrel boy to the war is gone,” after Arthur Sullivan's graceful new song, “The sun is setting”; and a repetition of the “Dalecarlian Dance” melody, the second of the Swedish airs. In addition to this, Mdme Nilsson took part in the trio, “This magic wove scarf,” from Barnett's delightful opera, *The Mountain Sylph*—an opera in which the *couleur locale* of Scotland is distinctly impressed. Mr Carl Rosa's success in London may induce him to produce this opera, which, with Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, would, for the present generation, have the charm of novelty; while to those whose remembrance carries them so far back to the past, pleasant memories would be evoked. Miss Alice Fairman, Mdle Levier, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli contributed their share to the programme, which was essentially of the miscellaneous order; while Mr Kuhe furnished the pianoforte solos, one of which, under the title of “Victoria,” was an arrangement of “God save the Queen,” with variations. The post of accompanist was filled in a highly efficient manner by Mr F. H. Cowen, who, I am glad to learn, is commissioned, for the Birmingham Festival of 1876, to write a secular cantata, for the subject of which he has chosen Byron's *Corsair*.

The six nights of the Carl Rosa Company at the Theatre Royal were an unqualified success, the house being crowded every evening by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The operas played were *Marriage of Figaro*, *Porter of Havre*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *The Bohemian Girl*; the principal parts being sustained by Mdle Torriani, Misses Rose Hersee, Josephine Yorke, Julia Gaylord, Lucy Franklin, Mrs Aynsley Cook; Messrs Santley, Nordblom, Packard, Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Celli, and Arthur Howell; Mr Carl Rosa, of course, officiating as conductor. As all the operas and artists named have so recently been heard in London, it is needless to recapitulate what has already been said about them in the *Musical World*. Suffice it that Birmingham was delighted with the various performances, and Mr Simpson, the lessee of the theatre, must have been satisfied with the financial results of his enterprise.

D. H.

CRITICS, AMATEURS, AND PROFESSORS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Musicians and public performers of all kinds have an undoubted right to protest as often as they may think fit against criticism, and in their turn criticise the critics. Things have changed since the days when Cowper apostrophized the newspaper as

"Happy broad-sheet
Which not e'en critics criticise!"

Newspapers, as the dispensers of praise and blame, are very much criticised, especially by those who imagine that more blame than they deserve has been allotted to them. The recipients, however, of praise are generally disposed to admit—as long, at least, as the memory of the praise remains with them—that the press is not such a hopelessly bad institution after all. At a meeting held last Monday of a society of musicians and amateurs, who assemble periodically for purposes of discussion, and on the understanding, strictly enforced, that members are under no pretext to bring their instruments with them, a Mr Salaman, pianist, composer, and musical critic, read a paper on musical criticism as it is and as it should be. After a rapid glance at the history of musical criticism, from Plutarch to some obscure writer in an unnamed journal of the present day, who seems now and then to get out of his depth, the lecturer painted an animated picture of the true musical critic as he—and many others—would like to see him. Mr Salaman would require that he should possess a thorough knowledge of the history of music, be a good theoretical and practical musician, entertain no prejudices in favour of one school more than another, and write a good style. A man endowed with the gifts and acquirements stipulated for by Mr Salaman would indeed be quite equal to the task of "chronicling small beer." By way of making his meaning unmistakably plain, the lecturer mentioned Robert Schumann as a good specimen of the able and impartial critic; and certainly no objection could be taken to Mr Salaman's choice. If, however, we had a Schumann among us, he would probably make it his chief business not to criticise the works of others, but to compose works of his own.

After pointing out what should be avoided in musical criticism, Mr Salaman mentioned (in addition to Robert Schumann) a few musical critics whose writings he considered worthy of admiration. One of these was the late Mr Chorley; M. Fétis another. Now Mr Chorley was at least conscientious and accurate in regard to facts; but if Mr Salaman will only consult no matter which of the few and scanty articles devoted by M. Fétis to English musicians, he will find it not so much disfigured as characteristically marked by glaring and ridiculous blunders. The critic whom Mr Salaman holds in such high esteem confounds John Barnett with Sterndale Bennett, and gravely states where the operas were produced to which he imagines the overture entitled the *Wood Nymphs* was prefixed. After praising M. Fétis—who speaks with never-failing contempt of English musicians, and proves his scorn to be genuine by his manner of treating the lives and works of those he does not absolutely ignore—it was not inconsistent on the part of Mr Salaman to blame the Germans for their neglect of English composers; the Germans who have produced at Leipzig, their great musical capital, important orchestral works by Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, and even (we scarcely know why) the late Mr Hugo Pierson.

Mr Pierson, whose "symphonic preludes" have been engraved by a Leipzig firm, would scarcely have found a publisher for his compositions in England. The difficulty of placing such works as his would perhaps have been somewhat increased by the fact, as stated by Mr G. A. Osborne, the eminent pianist and composer of pianoforte pieces, that no London music publisher can read a note of music. In that, it seems to us, lies their safety. Mr Osborne thought their ignorance deplorable; but he proved that it was profitable by citing the unique case of a gentleman who, although he possessed a considerable knowledge of music, became a music publisher and was ruined through bringing out the symphonies and oratorios of his admiring friends. He could not plead inability to appreciate them. He had eaten of the tree of musical knowledge, and naturally fell. The connection between Mr Osborne's story of the accomplished music publisher and the subject of Mr Salaman's lecture was not very evident; but the tale was probably

intended to suggest that unknown composers suffered more from the ignorance of publishers than from that of critics.

If critics ought to possess adequate knowledge of the subjects they undertake to discuss, similar qualifications may not unfairly be required of persons undertaking to discuss the subject of criticism. Dr W. H. Stone, in enlarging on the incompetency and bad faith of musical critics, informed the meeting that the articles published in London newspapers on musical matters were usually written by "the office boy," adding, as if to give a look of probability to his statement, that some of these young men were personal friends of his. He further observed that the written judgments of his juvenile friends were often but amplifications of his own spoken remarks; so that in denouncing the worthlessness of musical criticism he somewhat unnecessarily condemned himself. It is evident, indeed, that if Dr Stone's statement is accurate he has only to improve himself as a musical critic in order to improve musical criticism generally.

The rules of the Musical Association do not, it appears, allow speakers at the discussion meetings to mention living persons or existing journals by name. Journals, however, may be described by nicknames or by opprobrious epithets; and journalists may be indicated through allusions to their private affairs or the affairs of their wives or of their wives' relations. Instead of imparting the true parliamentary tone to the debates, these strange regulations develop a certain vulgarity on the part of speakers who, if they were permitted to call persons and things by their right names, would, at least, not be able to plead in extenuation of their offensiveness that they are driven to it by the laws of the society against the use of plain language. When Dr W. H. Stone spoke of one writer as the *Hog in Armour*, and of another as the *Dancing Barber*, his humour seemed to be much appreciated. But no sooner had a gentleman risen to say that he had read musical articles not wholly absurd in several papers, citing in particular the *Guardian*, than he was called to order, the president reminding him that in mentioning a journal by its proper name he had broken one of the rules of the society. Thus pulled up, and not perhaps caring to speak of the *Guardian* as the *Churchwarden*, or the *White Choker*, or the *Gentleman in Black*, the speaker turned to another subject, and asked the numerous professors present whether, instead of reviling the newspapers, it would not be a good thing on their part to abstain from giving their pupils ridiculous pieces of music to learn. The suggestion was a happy one. If the professors are seriously anxious to raise the tone of musical criticism in this country, they will do very little towards that end by reading lectures to one another on the subject. It would be a very roundabout process, moreover, to educate Dr Stone so as to enable him, in his turn, to educate the critics. It is for the professors to form the taste of their pupils; and they will find this novel occupation, if they can be persuaded to adopt it, one of real utility.

ABOUT BARGIEL.

SIR CAFER O'CORBY.—Bargiel's Trio fine?
LAVENDER PITT.—Well spun out.
SIR CAFER O'CORBY.—Brilliant tissue?
LAVENDER PITT.—Found it dull.
SIR CAFER O'CORBY.—Minor key;—major would sharpen't.
LAVENDER PITT.—What d'you think of't?
SIR CAFER O'CORBY.—Heard it before;—two fiddles and piano.
LAVENDER PITT.—People clapped?
SIR CAFER O'CORBY.—When over were glad on't—like E. J. Loder's aunt at Bath.
Benwell.

CAGLIARI.—Sig. Gomes' opera of *Il Guarany* has been performed at the Teatro Civico; but, owing partly to the inefficiency of the artists, with a very unsatisfactory result.

COLOGNE.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced at the Stadttheater with brilliant success. The principal artists and the manager, Herr Ernst, were enthusiastically called on at the fall of the curtain.

TRIESTE.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been performed, and enthusiastically received at the Teatro Comunale. The artists were Signore Stolz, Sanz, Signori Patierno and Maini. Sig. Faccio conducted.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR GOOSE.—I am in gay humour, and invite you to devour a couple of riddles.

DR FOX.—(A couple of riddles!—I should prefer a couple of goatings—*aside.*) Well?

DR GOOSE.—What is the best way to make pianofortes in America?

DR FOX.—Why (the old goose!—*aside.*) the *Stein-way*, of course!

DR GOOSE.—(The old fox!—*aside.*)—Ah! But what is the noblest article of manufacture?

DR FOX.—(The old goose!—*aside.*)—Why, the pianoforte—because it is grand, upright, and square.

DR GOOSE.—(Hem!—the old fox!—*aside.*)—You have hit it.

DR FOX.—(The old goose!—*aside.*)—But it is also cabinet and cottage.

(*Exeunt doubtfully.*)

CHARLES MATHEWS.

A morning performance for the benefit of this popular comedian was given on Monday at the Gaiety, when, after the comedy of *My Awful Dad*, Mr Charles Mathews thus addressed an audience which filled the house in every part:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—I have promised a few words, and I am here to redeem my promise. An actor has always this advantage—he not only promises but performs. ‘A few words’ is a vague expression. The few words of some men would fill a column, while those of others would scarcely make a paragraph. Mine are of the latter description. I am a man of few words, and never trouble you with them except on particular occasions—when I really have something particular to say—and this is one of them. Of course the nature of the few words depends upon the circumstances. A few words with one’s sweetheart are worth a week’s talk with one’s mother-in-law, and when a man has a few words with his wife—however much he may love her—the consequences are anything but agreeable. Now, a few words at parting are naturally expected to be of a lachrymose character; but I am not sentimental, nor given to the melting mood, so you will excuse the non-appearance of my white handkerchief. As I have observed, I never say a few words except when I am going away, but, as I am always going away, you may think that I am always saying a few words. But then I am always coming back again, and I hope this will be no exception to the rule, so there really is no occasion for tears on either side. I am only going on a little pleasure trip. The weather here is very far from tempting, and I can’t do better than step out of it. A severe winter is predicted, so I avail myself of the opportunity of avoiding it, and, as the Major would say, of ‘enjoying my Indian summer.’ It is a trip I have long contemplated. Three years ago I had nearly accomplished it, and got as far as Ceylon, but my foot slipped and I drifted over to Australia. I then determined to take India on my

way back, but the wind shifted, and I found myself in the Sandwich Islands. This, however, I did not regret, for I there passed one of the most memorable evenings of my life. I played ‘by command and in the presence of his Majesty Hame-hame-ha, the fifth King of the Cannibal Islands,’ before an audience of Kanakas—black gentlemen, who a few years ago would have supped off me with pleasure, and who find it difficult even now to resist the occasional delicacy of a fat baby on the sly. If all goes well I calculate upon reaching Calcutta at last, and shall probably play there about Christmas time, under the patronage of the Rajah Ram Jam Cuttery Poo, or the lovely Begum Catty Fatty Bunkum Hoy, and on my return you may expect to see me riding up to the stage door of the Gaiety on my favourite elephant. Where my next trip may be is not yet settled. I am balancing between a provincial tour to the Arctic Regions and to the interior of Africa, but have to wait till the theatres there have opened for their regular winter season. However, before I go you shall, as usual, have another few words, so that you may be kept informed of my movements. I think I see before me several well-known faces, constant attendants, who have listened to a number of few words on numerous occasions. I hope I do not misinterpret them. There is a story told of a man who went every night to see Van Amburgh put his head in the lion’s mouth, in order that he might be sure of not missing the moment when it would be bitten off. Who knows but that the same sort of feeling may exist with regard to my few words, and that the hope that they may be my last may animate the listener? If so, I shall try and baulk his morbid desire, and do my best to outlast him. I have beaten him so far, and will make a struggle for it still. I have enjoyed the favour of the public for forty years, and have grown all the stronger for its support. Who knows how long I may yet enjoy it? At all events, I have had the gratification of finding that even after so long a period, and notwithstanding the growth of so many young and bright intellects around me, I am still able to afford the same amusement that I did nearly half a century ago, and that I am permitted not only to play my old parts to the satisfaction of the audience, but have been allowed to write and act a new one, meeting with even more than my old success. I shall carry the pleasant remembrance with me wherever I go, and I shall hope to return and find you all as hearty and kind as ever. I have just concluded not only a most successful but a most delightful engagement, petted by the genial manager and his cordial company, and have nothing but thanks to bestow on all my friends before and behind the curtain. These are my few words, ladies and gentlemen, and I trust they are enough; at any rate they are sincere, and I can say no more. I wish you all health and happiness (including myself), and look forward with hope and pleasure to our next merry meeting.”

Prolonged cheering and applause followed the address, and the favourite actor was recalled amid a renewal of hearty demonstrations, conveying good wishes for his pleasant trip and speedy return.

DRESDEN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The number of concerts in contemplation for next winter are considerably more than usual; indeed, quite a deluge. Besides the concerts of the Chapel Royal, and the Trio and Quartet *Soirées*, there are to be the Subscription Concerts of Musik-director Mansfeldt, also two grand concerts of the Neustädter Choral Society, at the first of which Schumann’s music to *Faust* will be given, complete. Then there are a number of concerts by foreign artists in view, as usual. The concerts and musical *soirées* at the Royal Belvédère, by Capellmeister Erdmann-Puffholdt, have been particularly interesting. The following is the programme of a recent *soirée*:—War March from *Athalie* (Mendelssohn); Overture, *Lodoiska* (Cherubini); aria from *Il Seraglio* (Mozart); Loreley, Legend for Orchestra, with harp *obligato* (C. Oberthür); Serenade, for flute, violin, and tenor (Op. 25), (Beethoven); Overture, *Turandot* (V. Lachner); “Le desir,” melodie for violoncello (Stahlknecht); “Songs without Words” (Mendelssohn); “Traumbilder” Fantasie (Lumbye). The harp part to Oberthür’s *Loreley* was played by Fräulein Melanie Ziech, daughter of the esteemed harpist of the Royal Operahouse, Herr Carl Ziech. The young lady produced a remarkably fine tone, and met with hearty applause. Beethoven’s serenade was played, in excellent style, by Herren G. Schirmer, E. Puffholdt, and Ph. Faber. Herr H. Dechert, also, deserves special notice for his performance of the violoncello solo.

SIMS REEVES AT BRIGHTON.

(From the "Sussex Daily News.")

As far as Brighton is concerned, Messrs Cramer and H. Nye Chart would appear to have a monopoly of Mr Sims Reeves' services. Whenever he sings here, it is either at the concerts of the former or at the theatre of the latter. And at the latter his brief engagement forms one of the brightest episodes in Mr Chart's annual programme. This year his engagement is briefer than usual. It comprises but two nights. But these two nights are appropriated for two of the works in which he is best known—*Guy Mannering* and *The Beggars' Opera*. In the first of these he appeared last evening. A fashionable and crowded house assembled to greet him. It is on such occasions that the accommodation of Mr Chart's elegant little theatre is tested to the utmost. No difficulty would have been experienced in admitting several hundred persons more had there been room for them. On presenting himself, the great English tenor was most cordially welcomed. He was in capital voice, and sang with all his accustomed success. "When other lips," "Tom Bowling," and "My pretty Jane," his three introduced songs, were given with that mellowness and suavity, that artistic style and refined expression, which has marked his vocalisation throughout his lengthened career. Lengthened his career has been, but nothing so long as the preposterous period put forward by a local print. According to this eminently well-informed journal, Mr Sims Reeves has been on the stage 54 years. As a matter of fact, he has not been before the public much more than half that period. Long or short, however, Mr Reeves' career has been an unexampled success among native vocalists; and, for intellectual vocalism, he is simply unapproached. All his well-known qualities of voice and style were exhibited last night. Each of his songs was followed by loud and persistent applause; and though Mr Sims Reeves set his face against encores, he could not resist the appeal of the audience to repeat the second verse of "My pretty Jane," a song which he has made peculiarly his own. The great tenor, who, of course, took the part of Henry Bertram, was well supported by Miss Fanny Heywood (Julia Mannering), Miss Annie Goodall (Lucy Bertram), Mr George Fox (Gabriel), and Mr H. Nye Chart, who sustained his old and favourite part of Dominie Sampson. The band had been strengthened for the occasion, and Mr Sidney Naylor was conductor.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The greatest hit that has been made in Paris lately is *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, the music by Offenbach, now being given at the *Gaité*. So sanguine is the enterprising manager of a long run of the "Opera féerie," as it is entitled, that he has engaged a double *troupe* of artists, in case of accident or indisposition of any of the original cast—a capital arrangement. M. Vizzentini had also an eye to the public in this double-cast arrangement. He will never have to shut up the *Gaité*, and put up a notice:—"Relâche pour cause d'indisposition."

Le Voyage is in four acts and twenty-three tableaux, and they are tableaux! No expense has been spared on the scenery, decorations, costumes, &c., and M. Cornil well deserves the hearty applause he nightly wins, for the very effective scenery he has put on the stage. The plot is not very complicated, and, as no doubt you have read all about it in the *Times* and *Telegraph*, I will not go into details. There are two very effective ballets, danced by 120 *coryphées*, Mlle Vittorina Fontabello being the "1er Sujet." The second ballet, entitled *Les Flocons de Neige*, is unapproachable for good taste.

I see by the *Entr'acte* that M. Vizzentini, the lucky lessee of the *Gaité*, is taking from 9,000 fr. to 9,500 fr. a night with *Le Voyage dans la Lune*.

On Nov. 7th I attended the fourth *Concert Populaire de Musique Classique*, at the Cirque d'Hiver, under the direction of M. Padeloup. The place was crammed; and there must have been over 6,000 persons in the building to listen to the following programme, selected from the compositions of German composers only:—

Symphonie in C major—Allegro, Andante, Minuet, Finale—(Beet-

hoven); Allegro agitato (Mendelssohn); 4th Concerto pour piano, Op. 70—Allegro moderato, Andante, Finale—(Rubinstein), exécuté par M. Diemer; Fragments du Quintet, Op. 108—Larghetto, Mennet, Allegretto con variazione—(Mozart), exécuté par M. Griset (clarinette) et tous les instruments à cordes; Overture d'*Oberon* (Weber). The whole of this was gone through under the able conductorship of M. Padeloup, in a manner which left nothing to be desired. M. Griset's clarinet playing also excited much applause, and a recall; while M. Diemer's pianoforte performance met with the same success.

X. T. R.

ZARÉ THALBERG AT GLASGOW.

(From the "Scotsman.")

Mdlle Thalberg is beyond question one of the most important accessions made of late years to the rank of leading *soprani*. She is very young, but she has a voice of great strength, purity, and uncommon range, which she manages with an ease and certainty that many vocalists of greater experience might envy, and which speaks volumes for the excellence of her trainer. Mdlle Thalberg's style is truly artistic. Her intonation is faultless, and her declamation thoroughly tasteful. The part of Dinorah gives little scope for the display of dramatic power, but her rendering gave every indication that, as an actress, Mdlle Thalberg has not much to learn, and at all events nothing to unlearn. She sang the opening *aria*, "Si Carina," very sweetly and pathetically, and gave a vivacious rendering of the sparkling duet with Corentino, which follows. Nor was she less effective in the *terzetto* with which the first act closes. Mdlle Thalberg's greatest effort, however, was the "Shadow song," one of the most exacting tests of a vocalist's power of execution in the whole range of opera. Its endless runs and shakes were all given in perfect precision, and the upper D flat was taken without apparent strain—a sweet, clear note, quite devoid of shrillness. The audience were vociferous in their applause, and insisted on an encore, which the vocalist accorded. All the other music of the part was effectively rendered, and, in fact, Mdlle Thalberg's Dinorah was entirely successful.

MDLLE TIETJENS.

We read as follows in the correspondence of the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Mdlle Tietjens, our great tragic singer, has not been a success in America. It was thought that she was great enough without any attempt at getting up false public excitement. Besides, M. Strakosch had been found out in getting up beforehand similar demonstrations for Madame Patti. So he let Mdlle Tietjens come out without announcing her name. The result was that the people were cold. The critics, following suit, were cold also. They quizzed Mdlle Tietjens for her size, and spoke of her "worn out" voice, and kept the people away. The result is the failure of the concerts. When the critics were charged with unfairness, they said that they wished to force Mdlle Tietjens out in opera. The American newspapers think it right to do evil that good may come."

To this Mr Mapleson gives a smashing triumphant retort, which we subjoin:—

"(To the Editor of the 'Daily Post.')

"Sir,—Being partly interested in Mdlle Tietjens' American tour, and regularly furnished with the official returns, I have read with equal surprise and amusement an extraordinary statement in your London Letter of this morning, that her concerts have failed. So far as your correspondent states that no attempt has been made to get up false public excitement he is well informed, but in every other particular he is grossly in error. Mdlle Tietjens has had the greatest reason to be delighted with her reception by the American public, with the unanimous and most graceful applause of the Press, and with the financial results of the enterprise. Not only have her own terms of £200 per concert been regularly paid her on each occasion, but in several instances she has, in pursuance of her agreement, received a further emolument in the shape of profit when the receipts touched a certain amount. There has been a cry out for opera by the influential stockholders of the New York Opera-house, but the firm adherence of M. Strakosch—who had engaged Mdlle Tietjens for "concerts" only—to his original plan has not in the least interfered with the popularity or success of her appearances.—Yours, &c.,

"J. H. MAPLESON.

"North-Western Hotel, Nov. 8, 1875."

This would seem (with consent of the Messrs Strakosch) to set the matter at rest.

NEW YORK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr Maurice Strakosch has written to the Press, pointing out the difficulties of establishing Italian Opera here. He refers to the losses incurred by every manager who has hitherto made the attempt. Everywhere else, he says, Italian Opera is supported either by State subventions or private subscriptions, and it cannot be carried on in New York more than anywhere else without either the former or the latter. He proposes, therefore, to start a subscription list. He promises that, if this list is filled up within a reasonable period, he will have in New York, by the 1st January, a company comprising the principal artists of Her Majesty's Opera, and that he will give a lyric season worthy the most important city in the New World.

L. enr.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S MARGARET.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Courier.")

"The inaugural performance of the opera season given last evening must be deemed a very great success, both in regard to the crowded state of the house and the general excellence of the interpretation. The work was Gounod's *Faust*, and the cast as follows:—Faust, Signor Gilandi; Mephistopheles, Signor Castelmari; Valentino, Signor Galassi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Madame Trebelli; Martha, Madame Lablache; and Margherita, Madame Christine Nilsson. Madame Nilsson's assumption of the part of Margherita is undoubtedly one of the finest creations on the lyric stage. It is entirely original and invested from first to last with the strongest marks of the most intellectual study. Goethe himself never could have desired a more thorough realisation of his poetic ideal. In the garden scene the charm of Madame Nilsson's vocalisation was chiefly observable, but in the later portions of the opera, the vocal effects, grand as they were, were almost lost sight of in the magnificent acting which accompanied them; in fact, it was the universally expressed opinion, and one in which we fully concur, that this is the first time that Margherita has really been played here. Madame Nilsson's charming ideal personality of course aids her very much; but the intensity of her acting, artistically, culminating to a most exciting point in the last scene, sets the whole on a standpoint we have never seen approached by any other artist. It can only be matter of regret that the exigencies of the short season prevent the opportunity being afforded of a second rendering."

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The promised revival of *Le Pardon de Plüermel*, otherwise and more generally known, in England at least, as *Dinorah*, came off at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, under circumstances of more than usual interest. The King and Queen were present, with his Portuguese Royal Highness, the Duke of Coimbra. The opera went off most satisfactorily, and it is open to doubt whether the part of the heroine ever found, at Brussels, a more efficient and charming representative than Mlle Dérivis, not even excepting Mad. Boulart and Mlle Marimon. As Corentin, M. Bertin displayed great intelligence and spirit, while M. Morlet made a deep impression in the character of Hoël. A word of praise is due to the orchestra. With the restoration of M. Sylva to health, *La Juive* has resumed its place in the bills. The fact requires no particular comment, save that M. Libert has ceded the part of Prince Leopold to M. Bertin. In consequence of illness, Mad. Pauline Lucca is not able to fulfil her starring engagement here at the time specified. It will be deferred, probably, a month or six weeks. The lady was taken ill at Cologne.

On Monday, the 1st instant, the Mass, with full band, by Sig. Giulio Roberti, was duly performed at the collegial church of St Gudule and St Michael, as was also the "Expectans Expectavi"—interpolated in the Offertorium—by M. Polak-Daniels. The critics have not pronounced a very favourable opinion, either of the larger or the less pretentious work. They find that both Roberti and Polak-Daniels are deficient in inspiration, and endeavour to conceal this under a mass of trivial details.

The Popular Concerts of Classical Music commence on the 21st, under the direction of Dupont, at the Alhambra.

The Fine Arts section of the Royal Academy of Belgium has offered a prize of a thousand francs for a Mass, with full band. The competition is open to musicians of all nations.

It is reported that M. Ullman has engaged Mad. Christine Nilsson for a tour of three months, during which she will visit several towns in Belgium.

—o—
WAIFS.

Mr John Hullah will re-publish his *Lectures on Modern Music*.

A son of Brigham Young is studying polygamy in Paris.

At the Gymnase *Baron de Valjoli* has given place to *Frou-Frou*.

The death of Marietta Brambilla, the once celebrated contralto, is announced.

M. Guillemin has published at Paris a new work on *Sound*, as connected with music.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company will reappear at the Globe Theatre on the 22nd inst.

Frederic Lemaitre is suffering from a cancer in the tongue, and his condition is precarious.

The first twenty representations of *Panache*, at the Palais Royal, produced the sum of 94,918fr.

Herr Reichardt, composer of the popular ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far," has arrived in London.

Mr W. G. Wills's *Buckingham* will probably be produced at the Olympic towards the close of the present month.

Christine Nilsson left London for Liverpool, on Sunday, for a series of operatic performances. She next goes to Dublin.

Among the appurtenances of the Northern Pacific Railroad now offered for sale is the small item of sixty million acres of land.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Dublin, has completed a set of part songs, the words by Wellington Guernsey.

Mr Fred Evans and his pantomime company, having concluded their continental tour, have returned to London to prepare for their engagement at Drury Lane.

Mr John Coleman is said to have completed arrangements for a ten years' lease of the Queen's Theatre, Long-acre, which establishment he proposes to open in December next.

Young Williamson, of San Francisco, showed he was not afraid, by touching his tongue to strychnine. His courage was duly accredited to him on a neat and inexpensive tombstone.

The Oxford Philharmonic Society are practising Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*. The Oxford Choral Society are at work on Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Mr Henry Neville has again been compelled through indisposition to relinquish for a time his professional duties, but it is hoped that he will soon find in rest a complete restoration to health.

Mr Charles Mathews made his final appearance at the Gaiety, prior to his departure for India, on Monday last. Mr Mathews started on his journey on the evening of the same day.

On Tuesday Malvern could not be seen, as it was "mist."—*Malvern News*. [This is the most preposterous statement we can call to mind. We pray for more of the same liver.—A.S.S.]

The Porte Saint-Martin completed its first year of the *Voyage Autour du Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours* by a *matinée* for the benefit of the Dramatic Society, the representation producing 4,600fr.

We hear that Mr Arthur Chappell intends, during the present season of the Monday Popular Concerts, to produce many of the posthumous works of the late Sterndale Bennett. Amongst these are several songs, and a charming set of short pianoforte pieces, illustrating every month of the year. Since Sterndale Bennett's great champion, Madame Arabella Goddard, departed to practise her profession abroad, the pianoforte music of the great English master has not been heard so frequently as it ought to have been; but Mr Arthur Chappell has now taken the matter in hand, and we are convinced the result will prove the accuracy of his judgment. Of those of Sterndale Bennett's songs which have never yet been heard in public, Mr W. Shakespeare, one of Bennett's old Academy pupils, sang "Maiden Mine" and "Dancing Lightly" at last Monday's Popular Concert. "Sunset" will be sung in the course of the season, as will also "Stay, my Charmer." The last-named song is alone, strictly speaking, a "posthumous" work, it existing only in manuscript, while the rest of the set (Op. 47) were printed, and ready for publication before the gifted composer's death.—*Saturday Programme*.

Out-door relief—Being eased of your watch at a street corner.

Mr Sothern will play in Ireland before the close of the month, performing for a fortnight at Dublin, and for a fortnight at Belfast.

Miss Fanny Josephs, Mdle Fanchita, Mr J. D. Stoyke, Miss Rose Massey, Mr Ferrini, and Mr Worboys are engaged for *The White Cat* at the Queen's.

The programme for the Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 includes *Israel in Egypt* or *Judas Maccabeus*, *Elijah*, Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, Verdi's *Requiem*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Weber's overture to *Oberon* and the *Messiah*.

Miss Emma Barnett has returned from her tour with Mdme Sherrington's party. The accomplished young pianist met with deserved success everywhere, being called upon, with scarcely an exception, to repeat her solo performances at each concert.

A Pittsfield man believes there will be a separate heaven for women, as all foolishness can be traced to them. Massachusetts is becoming a heaven upon earth, as all the men are leaving it, but foolishness still remains in the person of the Pittsfield man.

Dr Stainer is slowly recovering. He can now see a faint glimmer of light if a door be opened. It is not generally known that the learned doctor has but one eye, and that the accident which happened to him lately has therefore rendered him for the time totally blind.

Mr Ricardo Linter introduced to a Cheltenham audience, at his recital of pianoforte music last week, three movements (Allegro, Scherzo, and Fugue) of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). The audience received it with so much favour that Mr Linter might have played the whole of it.

Telegrams have been received announcing the death, in Calcutta, of Mr English, the well-known theatrical agent. The deceased, who expired in his 40th year, succumbed to a sudden attack of heart disease. He had recently taken out to India a carefully-chosen theatrical company composed of popular London performers.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new comic opera was brought out on Wednesday night at the Theatre of the Folies Dramatiques with brilliant success. A chorus at the end of the first act, "Il a le pompon," made a great hit, and the curtain had to be raised again, the audience insisting on a repetition. The theme of "Il a le pompon" will soon be the rage.

The Fée aux Chansons, a piece in five acts by M. Ernest Dubreuil, has been produced at the Cluny Theatre, but with only moderate success. The idea of the piece is to pass in review all the characters celebrated by popular songs, from Monsieur de la Palisse down to Monsieur et Madame Denis, and comprising "Fanfan la Tulippe," "Madelon," "Friquet," &c.

At a meeting of the general committee, in Birmingham, the Marquis of Hertford in the chair, a report from the orchestral committee, describing the arrangements in progress for the Birmingham Triennial Festival of 1876 was read and adopted. The report set forth that the ensuing meeting, which would inaugurate the second century of these Festivals, would be presided over by the Marquis of Hertford, and that the conductorship would devolve again on Sir Michael Costa, who has just returned to this country from the South, in good health. The subject which had principally engaged the attention of the orchestral committee concerned the new works to be produced next year, which, it states, will comprise an important contribution from "England's greatest living composer, together with a secular composition by a rising and talented native musician," and will further introduce to this country "the foremost musician of that land to which Thorwaldsen and Hans Christian Andersen owe their birth—viz., Professor Niels W. Gade, of Copenhagen, who has, at the request of the committee, undertaken the composition of a new secular cantata for the Festival, and who is to visit England for the purpose of conducting it in person." The committee, it is also stated, "have arranged with Professor G. A. Macfarren for the composition and first performance of a sacred work of important dimensions, which will occupy the greater part of one of the mornings, and which, they have reason to hope, will rank in importance and musical excellence with the recent work by the same composer, *St John the Baptist*, which has been received with so much favour by the musical public." The third new work in course of preparation for the Festival is by Mr F. H. Cowen, and will take the form of a secular cantata. Negotiations were opened with M. Gounod for a new work for this Festival nearly two years ago, but, so far, they have been unsuccessful. M. Gounod, however, expresses his friendly feeling towards the committee, and intimates his willingness to negotiate on a future occasion. The Marquis of Hertford, in accepting the presidency of the Festival, expressed his intention of endeavouring to obtain the attendance of some member of the Royal Family.

A Wisconsin farmer calls his mules Facts—stubborn things.

The Bellecour Theatre at Lyons was burnt down on Wednesday night week, just before the performance commenced. The accident was caused by the gas jets in the flies setting fire to the canvas. The flames spread so quickly that the actors, who were dressing, had barely time to make their escape. One of the actresses, dressed as a Republic Conscript in M. Claretie's new drama, *Les Muscadins*, fled into the street in a shirt and the red-striped trousers of the First Republic. The losses amount to 300,000*fr.*, of which 200,000*fr.* are covered by insurance.

The works which M. Perrin purposes bringing out this year at the Théâtre Français are as follows:—Revivals: Madame Georges Sand's *Marquis de Villemer*, Madame de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe*, and M. Labiche's *Gendre de M. Poirier*. New plays: M. Dumas's *Etrangere*, four acts; M. de Bornier's *Attila*, five; M. Paul Ferrier's *Compensations*, three; M. Lomon's *Jean d'Acier*, five; and M. Pailleron's *Petit e Pluie*, one. The rehearsals of this last have commenced, the chief parts being entrusted to Mesdames Arnould Plessis, Dinah Félix, Broisat, M.M. Febre, Joilet, and Roger.

DRINK AND THE DRAMA.—A letter has been published in South Wales, from Mrs Crawshaw, upon "The Drama versus the Dram." Mrs Crawshaw says that some time ago a local paper opened its columns to a discussion on the drama as a means of counteracting the pernicious influence of the dram. There were plenty who disputed the power of the stage to do this, but she feels more than ever convinced that this is its true and noble mission. After describing the play of *All for Her*, Mrs Crawshaw says, "To-night I hope to enjoy this grand play for the third time. I am thankful to say we do not see the execution; but surely such a play as this, if it were possible to put it before the masses of our people, who are drinking their hearts out because they have no innocent amusements, would deter many an incipient drunkard."

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